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THE INNIS HERALD

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OCT 1965

EDITORIAL

University
Archives

Vol I No 1

"See them standing on the corner?"

"Who are they?" you ask.

They are the Innis Executive. They are fulfilling their duties.

--not by standing on the corner but by handing out little buttons to the Innis students.

"What kind of buttons?"

"BA buttons."

As a University student, you know what BA buttons are. They are Ban Apathy buttons. The Executive is protesting your apathy.

"See them standing on the corner?"

"Who are they?" you ask.

They are Innis students. They are fulfilling their duties.

--not by standing on the corner but by handing out little buttons to the executive.

"What kind of buttons?"

"MA buttons."

As a University student, you know what MA buttons are. They are Master of Apathy buttons. The students are protesting the executive's apathy.

A march might now be in order. However, it takes only seventy seconds to march around Innis. A sit-in might fit the bill but Innis has limited sitting-in space.

A minor key to this major problem might be a student-a-come-come and an executive-a-go-go. However, let us try to be imaginative.

Perhaps the executive might try their brain-power and arrive at a stimulating programme for the student body. The creation of interest groups such as a drama workshop, folk-singing, music appreciation and bridge clubs. Lately, the executive's time has been taken up in the interviewing of students for committees whose members have already been decided.

So my fellow students, let us band together and button up. For already, one of the important programmes that was specifically set up to acquaint the students with discipline of study at the University has been cancelled due to lack of participation. In place of apathy, substitute interest and participation.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The Associates of U. of T. INC. (American Alumni) are offering four scholarships to the students of Innis College. They are allotting \$600.00 to first year students who show the greatest improvement over his final grade XIII marks and his final first year marks respectively. Another \$600.00 is to be allotted to those second year students standing first in A) General Course B) Honour Course C) Professional Courses.

Congratulations to the following who won the Associates' Awards 1965

MODEL, Peter Ross - \$200.00
THOMPSON, David William - \$200.00
DRAPER, James William - \$100.00
WEST, Lewis Philip - \$100.00

HERALD STAFF

Editor: Cheryl Zimmerman
Associate Editor: C. Sherry Kelner
Managing Editor: Peter Moore
Literary Editor: Jack Newman
Political Editor: Ken Saul
Reviews: Joanne Kress
On Campus: Bill Munshaw
Typist: Charlyne Ross.

WANTED NOW

One permanent managing

EDITOR - dead or alive

From the President we hear....

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS

John Bayly

At the Innis College Banquet last November, I had an opportunity to speak to most of the members of the then fledgling ICSS. I told them that what Innis College is and what it is to become is up to us. Well, just what has it become? It would be wrong to assume that its influence has not been felt across the entire campus. Often, the way in which we made our impression gave us the reputation of being enthusiastic in a rather young immature way. This, it seems to me, is only natural; we were all freshmen and had no real guidance from upper classmen. Thus we banded together and looked into each other's eyes, hoping to see reflected there the Innis College Image. It wasn't there. Frankly, I do not think we will find it that way either.

I think the time has come to stop being introspective, the Hamlet of the University of Toronto Campus. We belong to a great university, but many of us are unwilling to venture beyond the security of our little grey Skinner Box.

What do I mean by this? Simply that day after day we do the same things -- go to ~~Lectures~~, sit in the common room talking about the same dances, sports and T.V. programmes we always talk about, scan the Varsity in search of the name Innis College or a quotable quote from Brian Switzman, watch Michael Silverman mystify us with the same old card tricks and generally bore one another to tears.

The question, of course, is what to do about this. I maintain that it is time to leave the nest. Mother Stork will feed us no longer; we either get out and test our wings or starve to death.

For example, we on the student

executive are trying to offer you a more stimulating programme than we did last year. The seminars and tutorials will begin soon, a creative writing group now meets every Wednesday night, art, music and debating clubs are in the planning stage, and special evening seminars discussing the academic structure of the university have now begun.

The success of all this depends on your interest and willingness to participate. There is no use running a college for 30 or 40 interested people. I look to all the members of the ICSS for guidance; I need your help so that I can offer what you want.

And thus, in retrospect, I think I must change my original statement. Innis College isn't. I sincerely hope it will never "be". With your assistance, it will continue to become.

VELUT ARBOR AEVO-C. Sherry Kelner

- 1) I am at University because there is nowhere else for me to go.
- 2) I am at University because I want to clutch a piece of parchment that will open the door to better jobs and better salaries.
- 3) I am at University because of many social pressures.
- 4) I am at University for the betterment of the human race.
- 5) I am at University because I feel I am ignorant and higher education will enlighten me.

Five common reasons why a student enters a university. You glance at the reasons shake your head and tell yourself that you are glad that not one of those reasons is applicable to you, except maybe the last one and even then you really don't believe that you're ignorant. Why, you're at University to get an education, you tell yourself

You attend lectures and carefully write down the big words emitting from that class on the final exam or make an essay. Yes, I'll do it on an essay, that's more impressive. Day after day, you go through the same routine, never asking questions because who are you to challenge the views of learned men and your purpose is to sit there and soak it all in anyway. Millions of students have passed through the halls of Academe with the preceding attitudes. I was one of them and didn't realize it till after graduation from this University when I found myself slowly setting into the mould of modern man. Before I got into self-satisfaction, I want to escape from this situation of which I am now aware. And this awareness is half the battle. This, however, is my personal struggle and unimportant to you. What is important, is how I got there and what went wrong on the way.

I came to university expecting to receive the benefits of higher education as well as the fringe benefits. I received them, but I didn't do anything about them. I would come out of a lecture I particularly enjoyed and say to myself-- "that was wonderful". Now I see that it wasn't enough to comment on something but the important thing was to utilize the information, to do something with it and not just to talk idly. This, in essence, was the trouble with my university career. I could philosophize for hours on what was wrong with the world, but, never did I offer a concrete suggestion or do anything to alleviate any matters. I could criticize author's works comfortably but I never produced prose of my own in order to see the problems involved in writing. I could condemn student government but never took an active myself. I became like everyone else, talking but doing nothing. I was a tree, receiving nourishment, sunlight and rainfall but I wasn't growing. My leaves never turned colour, they remained the same. My branches were beginning to die. I was receiving the necessary elements for survival and yet I was not living. In order to survive, I had to grow and in order to grow I had to relearn and re-evaluate some of my purposes and aims.

It is only in this way that "VERBORUM AERVO".

LITERARY

Strange that two
who travelled long
and sightless
in the coal-black
starless night
of life
should simultaneously emerge
like beetles crawling
from beneath a stone,
clasp hands
in joy
of light
of life.

Strange, but so is life,
and though we may
but walk
a few day's journey
to the top
of some green pasture hill
and take our separate ways;
you to the ocean
stretching
out beyond the blueness
of your eyes
and I, to the forest
strong
and by its silence darkened,
still, we share
what few can hope to have...

for we have clasped more
than hands.

John Bayly

THEY ALL SAID

Peter Moore

"Gentlemen, we are about to inaugurate the biggest advertising campaign in the history of Frugal Backwater, Belding and Belch." The assembled company, chain-smoking in unison, nodded their heads in an overwhelming chorus of approval. Cigars were passed; then the grey-flannel suits took their leave of F.B.B. and B.. They marched out of the huge pile of bricks encased in

Mr. Backwater started the ball rolling at 9:16 A. M. the very next morning, with a liberal sprinkling of three-minute commercials, to be broadcast every ten minutes over every communications outlet in the U. S. of A. Stockbrokers were, needless to say, somewhat shocked as ticker-tape belched forth proclamations of the power of new "Miracle Q". At 9:31 the grey-flannel suits began to trickle into the home of Frugal, Backwater, Belding and Belch. There were to be eighty-foot billboards erected on every block in New York City. Grey-flannel minds carefully mapped their assault. The ball gained momentum as it was decided to light the bill-boards by means of huge floodlights--expense to be damned. Airplanes prepared to drop forty-four million leaflets on the helpless populus. The grey-flannel suits, armed with attaché cases, bribed policemen to extol the virtues of "New Miracle Q" while directing traffic. Twenty-four hours later, a fleet of sound trucks rolled into action and a two-week telethon was scheduled on NBC. Carol was to be the M.C., and would wear a dress made of "Miracle Q".

Hysteria struck New York City, only to be washed away by sheer panic, as the populus mobbed every retail outlet in the city--they wanted "New Miracle Q" (you can use "Q" in 56 different positions, you know). But no one had any "Miracle Q" to sell. Frugal, Backwater, Belding and Belch took a deep swallow from their respective pocket flasks, and on the count of two took three pink pills. "Step up the campaign, and GET "Q" ON THE PHONE!" It seemed that no one could get in touch with the manufacturers of "New Miracle Q".

Then the members of the populus began dying like flies--there was no more Pepsi to be had in the entire city. F.B.B. and B. were worried. Unless they could soon find out who made "New Miracle Q," there would be noone left to buy it. The grey-flannel suits were dispatched to find the whereabouts of the manufacturer.

Three hours later, a small grey-clad figure, nervous y fingering its iron-plated attache case, prostrated itself before Mr. Belch and spoke the awful truth. "No one makes "Miracle Q"--we don't even know what it is.

I, youth on the brink of age,
No longer bound, no longer told,
Stand alone, having shunned my sage,
And must now myself conceive.
But is that muscle damp with life,
Is it potent, fertile, free?
Or is it lashed with whipping pain,
Has the sore of lust ignored my plea?
What will I have emerge the womb,
Elusive truth or concupiscence?
Will my child, my life, my beauty,
Breathe damp air or in consequence?
Will it woo the blood with wine

Chill the huts
And deceive the birth of love?

I, youth on the brink of age,
Stand alone
And must now myself conceive,
Or deceive,
Love.

REVIEWS

As I Was Entertained

Joanne Kress

I was fortunate to be wined and dined at the Castle George and to be entertained by Mr. Valentine (Val) Pringle, recently billed as Harry Belafonté's protégé. Again, I find it most difficult to convey my enthusiasm for this man. After listening to one of his songs, it is impossible to deny the fact that he has a fantastically moving voice. He BREATHES rhythm. And may God help you if he laughs because when he laughs he just laughs all over and you can't help but love him. Consequently, after hearing about six of his songs, I pondered the possibility of interviewing him.

The interview, which I found to be easily arranged, proved most interesting, informing, and quite the contrary to what I had expected. I had imagined a short, clipped, rather impersonal talk with a performer obviously bored by a "green" reporter. Needless to say, I was most pleasantly surprised. Mr. Pringle was kind and patient enough to join our table of three for an afterdinner drink. He is not only very friendly and easy to talk to but also witty and intelligent. We discussed Mr. Pringle's career with him and discovered that he has been singing for three years. He revealed that, contrary to the popular belief, that all Negro singers start singing in Gospel Church choirs. He never sang in one, but rather, while in church, could only think of one thing--getting "the hell out of there". In three years of singing he has produced five albums, two of which (R.C.A. Victor label) are probably available in Canada. Our guest also voiced his intention to record more albums of a somewhat varied nature. He would like to record spirituals, folk songs, blues, gospel tunes, and just about anything else that takes his fancy. This perhaps indicates his versatility and his appreciation of music in general. Our discussion, lasting a full hour,

varied from his career, to the recording, "The Eve of Destruction", to professional football, and finally terminated in a lengthy debate concerning idealism.

At this point, Mr. Pringle returned to his singing for another twenty or twenty-five minutes. He included a request, from our table, for "Shenandoah". This was beautifully performed, both by Mr. Pringle and by his friend who accompanies him, most skillfully, on the guitar. Knowing relatively few technical terms in the field of music, I am unable to discuss, at length, the tone, the quality, or the varied effects of his singing. I only know that he had the rhythm and the song and the emotion and he instilled all three in the people around him.

In conclusion, I should like to make two recommendations. First, save every penny you have (after the McGill Weekend, that is) and when you can afford to dine with class, so to speak, I suggest the "Castle George". It is most enjoyable. Secondly, if you appreciate a bass baritone; if you like rhythm and if you want to be impressed, see Val Pringle when the opportunity next arises. Though lacking the showmanship or professionalism of Belafonte, he has a certain earthiness and a whole lot of friendliness which showmanship and professionalism prevent Belafonte from exhibiting. I realize, of course, that as a top performer, Belafonte must maintain a certain distance which, in effect, contributes to his showmanship but he has lost that personal touch, which Mr. Pringle has so easily grasped. I only hope you can be entertained as I was entertained.

WHOSE? WHO?

"Chad Mitchell's a fink."

--Jim Kenzie, Chairman, Blue and
White Society

Bob Bossin

"so, 1st year's stage manager called Chad a little---; mind you, Joe Fraser and Mike Kobluk were great guys; they went up to a frat to watch themselves on T.V. The T.V. set didn't work, but they had a couple of beers and they're great guys."

"The Phoenix singers are the nicest bunch of people you ever want to meet--did you know they support the American action in Vietnam?--they're logical Americans at a time when there seem to be precious few of them."

"Can I cut up the Varsity now?"

This is Jim Kenzie, the outspoken chairman of U. of T.'s Blue and White Society, which the Varsity calls "the fun having wing of SAC." It is a lot more than fun, of which a \$27,000 budget buys a great deal. That is more than even the UC Lit could lose. Kenzie himself is a good-looking, 20-yr -old fourth year Industrial Engineer with glasses, Clear Grit Liberal, guitar player, and Skule Nite writer with a quick sense of humour and a girlfriend with big brown eyes. His committee decides when we dance to the "big band sound" and when to Richie Night and the Midnights, when we listen to the Brothers Four, and when the Lady Godiva band; they hold the pep-rallies and marshall the football games. I asked him about the Blue and White's preoccupation with fun and games, while other committees plan a public Affairs Forum or discuss Universal Accessibility to Higher Education. "I personally think we're doing the average student more good than the Universal Accessibility people. The Blue and White work may not be as intellectually stimulating as picketing embassies (of either type--in fact most of our meetings adjourn to the Capital Embassy) but as an ex-administrator of SAC pointed out, may be 5% to 10% of the students are involved

in the various political activities while 90% are not interested in that but want to have some entertainment. The classic example always comes up when Sac announces that "we are here for more than planning teadances. Our activities are certainly important from the financial viewpoint; each Harthouse dance costs over \$3000. The Homecoming Show cost around \$3800. (last year Peter, Paul and Mary wanted \$6600, the Kingston trio around \$5000) It's the students' money, so we have to balance who they want to see, and who they can afford. People would live-up for Trini Lopez but I think he wants \$8000 for a concert. Sure Bob Dylan comes to Massey Hall, but at \$5 a ticket. The Sac says the Blue and White is important but sometimes I wonder if they really believe it."

We discussed past successes and failures (a solid Homecoming show lost money ('wise-cracked one of the Phoenix Singers, "where else are you going to get this much good music for a buck and a half")), while a last-minute under-organized ski-trip paid off in spades); and we talked of the future program of Pep Rallies (if we can scrape the players off the field from the previous game") and The Christmas Tree ("It's always the same but you can't go around changing Christmas"). For the first time a university ski weekend, possibly to Quebec, is being planned ("we may bill it as a "McGill on skis; did you know they really do have marshalls on the McGill train?") There will be a new look in the Winter Carnival:

"...the carnival doesn't have the tradition of say Homecoming, being a relatively new event; we're extending it over a full week with a series of outdoor activities in connection with the clubs; of course, there's the hockey game, the skating show with many of Canada's top skaters and the LGMB who doesn't skate quite as well, the semi-formal and the show with a big-name group. We're looking into holding a jazz liturgy service, which most of us haven't seen--people may be interested who wouldn't go to a service otherwise, let alone a Blue and White one."

I asked him about the beauty contest celebrated in page after page of the Varsity.

"well, ROBIN ROSS says that the Caput isn't jumping up and down over it, but it's being held officially--the bylaw against contests like this was repealed. The Varsity, in a standard misquote, said the girls would be judged on "personality, poise and talent" where it should be "personality, poise and appearance."

The winner is to be the official hostess and the symbol of the Winter Carnival--no, not that type of symbol--and judges will be people with some knowledge of this field." I noticed a judicious glint in his eye.

He complains of the Blue and White Society covering the cost of the B & W Band, who, he says, brings equal glory on all the University; charging just the ticket buyers with this loss is like "taxing only those who live near an army-base for the maintenance of the army". His biggest beef though is with the Varsity. "It's the old problem of public responsibility versus freedom of the press and the Divine Right of Editors DAVID JACKMAN is a good newspaper man, and I think it's a better paper this year than it has been the last few years. Yet it shares the typical newspaperman's distaste for publicity stories. Now the Varsity is a monopoly, granted by SAC: it has the offices free, and even if it is paid for by its advertising, the very value of the advertising comes from the monopoly as an all-campus newspaper. I'm not denying the right to criticize the SAC editorially but the Varsity should feel a responsibility for the publicity of other SAC events which can't succeed without this publicity. We now find the Varsity rates exorbitant; however, we decided against a vote of censure, as, at least (for example) the Freshman Welcome was mentioned even if in a less favourable light, whereas two years ago there wasn't a word."

"Can I thank my dedicated, hard-working committee?" he added.

"OK," I said, "But who is the surprise star of the Winter Carnival Show?"

"I'll tell you as soon as the tape-recorder is turned off," he said. I turned the tape off.

SPORT BRIEFS

John Trafford

Innis Indians of Hart House Hackers?

With one year of experience under its sweatshirt, the athletic programme at Innis looks forward to a highly successful '65-'66 season. In contrast to last year, the men of Innis are themselves conducting their sports agenda this year. Both LAIRD ELLIOT and BRIAN HARRIS, president and vice-pres. respectively of the Men's Athletic Association, feel that Innis' standing in the overall point system of last year will be surpassed by this year's crop of "I" men. Teams have been entered in every sport this year, with the lone exception of Football. Cost alone, and certainly not lack of desire, has been the reason for the absence of a football team.

This year, sporting CHARLIE CONACHER football helmets and brand new lacrosse sticks, the Innis "Indians" or "Hart House Hackers" opened their season with a game against the green and white lumberjacks. The experience of the Forestry squad proved to be too great and the Redmen dropped their opener 3-1. Innis was on the wrong side of the score card in their next game also, as they lost a 4-2 decision to the Eng 11 team. Gradual improvement and a desire to win forced playing coach TERRY BEVRIDGE to uprate the team's chances in its next game against Meds. The "hackers" lived up to the expectations and defeated the somewhat bewildered Meds. team by shutting them out 4-0. The future for the team looks bright when one considers that they managed one win in 3 games with a team which consisted only of 2 players that had ever participated in this sport before.

Coach BRIAN HARRIS has entered 2 teams in the respective volleyball leagues this year. The first team met and crushed St. Mikes in its first effort this year. The team defeated the double blue by a series of 2 consecutive wins. The Engineers supplied the opposition for the second meeting and the powerful team from S.P.S. defeated the blue and green, 2 games to 3. The second volleyball team has seen action only once so far this year. In that game, they dropped a 3-2 series to Wycliffe.

GARY RUONA is directing Innis' effort in the sport of hard knocks--rugger. The team this year is composed of experienced sophomores and eager freshmen. Losing the first game 6-3 to Wycliffe proved to be only a momentary stumbling block as the team managed to regain its footing for the second battle. U.C. was shutout by our boys 8-0 in a somewhat one-sided game. The rugger team has not played enough games to predict what the future might hold in store, but all in all, they proved to be a team to watch in the upcoming games.

The Innis soccer team defeated a lack lustre Forestry team 4-1. MILAN HERCEG deserves special mention here for his BOBBY HULL hat trick in the opening game. The future ministers of Emmanuel managed a 1-1 tie with the rather ineffectual team of Innisites in the second league game. Pharmacy taught the fellas a lesson in aggression by defaulting the team 4-0 in its next battle. A 1-1 score with Knox and a default victory over New College were the results of the next 2 soccer games for Innis.

Reports from the hack seem to indicate that Innis' curling team this year will probably have more fun than victories. In their opening frozen foot competition, they dropped the match 15-0 to a more experienced team from New College.

It is rather obvious, then, that the men's athletic programme is off to a commendable start. The teams are both winning and losing, but what is probably more important, the sportsmanlike spirit of Innis is being established both on the field and in the gymnasium. Hockey practices are starting, basketball is on

its way and water polo and squash teams are now being formed. It must be remembered by every male student at Innis that the athletic programme will be only what you make it. You can show the true spirit of Innis by coming out and participating in the programme.

SPORT SHORTS

Anne Barnett

Girls! As you were cheering madly with true Innis spirit for the men's soccer and rugger teams, the Innis College Women's Athletic Assn. (ICWAA) was preparing an active program for you. The following list of people are the ones who were instrumental in providing a varied program:

President:	C. SHERRY KELNER
Vice Pres.:	ANNE BARNETT
Sec.-Treas.:	GAIL TESKEY
Volleyball Rep:	KATHY BARRON
Skiing Rep.:	LYNN HUTCHINGS
Fencing Rep.:	JANICE GALBRAITH
Basketball Rep:	CAROLINE PARMENTER
Curling Rep.:	HELEN KINDERMAN
Swimming Rep.:	SUSAN ROBINSON
Ice Hockey Rep:	JUDY KERWIN
Cheerleading :	JOANNE KRESS
Advisor:	GAIL JOHNSON (IV PHE)

You will notice that such important matters as field hockey, golf, archery, tennis, badminton, and bowling are all lacking representatives. This is where YOU come in. In the athletic association, the amount of work required by the individual can be simply stated as a couple of meetings for the organization of your particular sport, a meeting for those interested and a few executive meetings.

One plea must be made: everyone must overcome shyness. If you are interested in any athletic activity, find out about it and get in on the fun. If you're interested in any athletic activity, find out about it and get in on the fun. If perchance, you don't know the

particular Rep. you're looking for
please phone ANNE BARNETT, HU. 8-1376
and ask!

Attention FRESHWOMEN: Did you know
that by participating in an inter-
faculty or inter-collegiate team,
you may receive credit or attendance
in one sport each term. For example,
participation (8 sessions) on the Innis
basketball team can take the place of
one of your Fall athletic classes and
similarly with perhaps Volleyball in
the Spring. Simply fill out the
appropriate card at the Benson Building.

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

1) We have cheerleaders: Chris. Milani,
Carol Stone, Giselle Tintpulver, Maureen
Broadhurst, Joanne Minken and coach
Joanne Kress. These girls will hopefully
be on ice in December.

2) Curling practices have started at the
Terrace Club on Mutual St. If you're
interested, call the Curling Rep. at
3-2771.

3) Basketball practices have started,
however only 10 girls have signed up.
So what if you haven't played for two
years, we're glad to have you. The
first game is this Thursday at 6 p.m.

4) Are you interested in Ice Hockey?
There is a list on the bulletin board
inviting all to join. Let me emphasize
this--absolutely no talent or experience
required. We are especially proud to
have OWEN DORNAN as our coach again
this year.

5) One golf tournament has already taken
place, but don't despair, there is an
indoor tournament in the planning.
Watch the Varsity for announcements.

6) Tennis begins the first week in Nov.
Keep Wednesday evening free from 7-9.

Dig out that Innis spirit and let's
really show those unmentionable "large"
colleges some competition.

S H A R E

David Parker

The most successful venture this
year for Innis College has been
the Share campaign. This is due
not only to the capable leader-
ship of Gillian Shortreed and
her co-chairman, Dave Parker,
but also to the countless number
of Innis students who not only
contributed their time and money,
but also their ingenious ideas.

EVENTS

Tues. - Bake Sale brought in
approx. \$13.00

Wed. - outdoor hootenany was a
financial success. Small
delegation travelled
north to Lazy Lake Farm
where, with considerable
effort, a donkey was
obtained for Thursday's
attempt. Special thanks
to ANNE BARNETT & co.
for transportation.

Thurs. - the donkey, BERTHA, along
with Hart Broudy and Dave
Rozen helped to collect
\$77.00 for Share.

Fri. - raffle collected \$15.00

TOTAL CONTRIBUTION-- \$243.96

Thank you, BERTHA !

TREASURE VAN

Exciting objects from 30 countries

Women's Union Theatre
79 St. George Street

November 8-12
10:00 AM to 10:00 PM

Come in and browse!!!

INNSIDE

Paul Culliford

The Innis Executive, last Thursday overwhelmingly passed a by-law to establish within Innis, yet another committee--an Education Committee. The Exec. also appointed members to serve on the Social and Multi-Faculty Committees. The Exec. allowed a fuller discussion on universal accessibility than the ten minutes spent at the Oct. 12th meeting.

The Education Committee is to be headed by JOHN DORNAN, Men's Vice-President, and is to be composed of "any other members of the ICSS whom the Education Commissioner deems necessary." The committee's functions are:

- 1) the promotion of educational interests within the College.
- 2) the official recognition of ICSS clubs.
- 3) financial support to these clubs.
- 4) assistance to them in the implementation of their programmes.

There are still 7 vacant positions on the Multi-Faculty Commission.

Are we becoming apathetic too? As most of the meeting was spent in the farce of interviewing these candidates, the executive finally came to its senses and abolished portions of a by-law for the interviewing of candidates "in camera". If they so wish, in future, the interviews will not take place.

BILL BARCLAY, acting as Laird Elliot's proxy, was instrumental in re-opening the debate on universal accessibility. BRIAN SWITZMAN defended the purpose of UNAC and Mr. Barclay countered with a lengthy sermon expounding and supporting the Bladen Report. As the hour was late, the subject was tabled, but will most certainly be a subject of further and lively debate.

P.S. The next issue will feature the lively budget debate. (Don't disappoint me, Ken.)

HISTORY'S SHORTEST MARCH

Bill Munshaw

Wednesday, October 27, 1965, was National Students' Day and at one o'clock marchers collected around the flagpole behind Innis College to prepare for the long trek to Queen's Park. There were representatives from the Universities of Toronto, Western Ontario, Waterloo, York, McMaster, Laurentian, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute and the Eastern Institute of Technology. They marched from the flagpole to the front steps of the Ontario Parliament Buildings to present a brief on universal accessibility to Premier Robarts. Premier Robarts was out to lunch.

Not everyone supported the march. Along the route were a dozen students carrying signs stating "Government Pays Enough Now", "I am willing to work for my education", "Things OK Now", and "Let's limit socialism". These signs certainly showed more variety and originality than the several pro-marcher signs which merely stated "Universal Accessibility". Somebody also had signs stating "Only NDP committed to free education" and "Get rid of fees--vote NDP." Some people will make use of any opportunity to solicit votes.

Tom Forgrave, the president of the Ontario region CUS spoke for the marchers. He mentioned that the march was part of a unified national demonstration to point out that the responsibility of the nation is to provide the best possible education. The importance of the problem of education is due to the fact that it touches on other problems. We should eliminate social barriers to education so that everyone has an equal chance to develop his potential. Mr. Forgrave stated that the marchers were demonstrating because of their responsibility as citizens. He wants the government to give students

more financial assistance but to still respect their academic freedom. To make universal accessibility a reality would be a wonderful way to celebrate Canada's centennial.

Mr. Davis then spoke as the representative of the Conservative government. Welcoming the view of the students, he said that he thought the interest shown was a healthy indication of the awareness of students of today's problems. He said that in 1965 no worthy student was kept from continuing his education in university. As Mr. Robarts would not see the student marchers, Mr. Davis invited five representatives to present their brief to Mr. Robarts later that afternoon saying that their views would be carefully considered. He passed the buck by saying that higher education is a national responsibility. During his entire speech, he really said nothing.

Donald MacDonald then spoke on behalf of the New Democratic Party. He said that the chief concern was the barrier against universal accessibility produced by fees. He countered Mr. Davis' remark that all worthy students who applied for university were accepted by asking how many did not apply as they knew that they could not pay the bill. The NDP is in favour of the immediate abolition of fees. "The Bladen Report is an out of date Tory document." The \$90,000,000 paid across the country for tuition fees pays 27% of operational costs for the universities... Half of the ninety million could be paid by the federal government which has given as much to the automobile industry by reducing tariffs. The other half could be paid by the provinces. In Ontario this would represent \$15,000,000 which is not a great deal more as compared with the present \$163,000,000. Everyone with the capacity and desire should have the opportunity to continue with their education. Mr. MacDonald mentioned that in 1961 the Ontario Minister of Education, Mr. John Robarts, said that he thought that going to university was a privilege and not a right.

Tim Ried then spoke on behalf of the Liberals. He said that the abolition of fees was inevitable, but that there are more important priorities. The doors should be opened for early education and the odds should be made even at kindergarten. Elementary students should be given an equal chance to aim at a university education, fees should be reduced to \$200 in all courses. The Bladen Report puts too much emphasis on loans and not enough on bursaries. Mr. Reid said that three things are necessary to solve the problems of higher education. 1) comprehensive research programme, 2) a plan to increase the number of universities, 3) a lessening of economic hardship by reducing fees.

The march proceeded back to the flagpole. It was interesting to hear the views of the various parties on UNAC: the Conservatives seem to have no viewpoint, the NDP seems to believe in action with little planning, the Liberals seem to believe in action with little planning. None really seem to have the answer to the problem of universal accessibility which we must help them to find.

THE HUMANITIES SEMINAR AT INNIS Dave Parker

Dr. Harris chaired a pleasantly informal discussion of the problems which seem to afflict most freshmen. The guests. Professors Winter, Dembowski, and Payzant, represented Fine Art, French, and Philosophy respectively while Mr. King, who called himself "pro-tem Professor King" was present on behalf of the English Department.

Professor Winter pointed out that most students are too hesitant about asking questions, and that personal interviews are most beneficial in the first weeks of classes.

Professor Dembowski demonstrated, with several humorous examples, that most students are too polite, and should try to get more involved in classroom discussion. He described university as an "intellectual adventure" and said there is far too much emphasis on get-

ting good marks.

Professor Payzant emphasized the importance of reading widely and intensively. Because of the present library system books should be sought after on a competitive basis.

Mr. King raised the question, "What are the Humanities?" This was quickly answered as being the name applied to that heap of things that are left over after all the other heaps have been classified under the other professional categories.

An interesting question and answer period followed. Coffee, cookies and general discussion completed the evening.

ATTENTION FRESHMEN

WHEN: November 27, 1965

WHO: Freshmen only!!!

WHAT: Outing

WHERE: John Bayly's Christmas Tree Farm
directions--

-401 East to Liverpool Road

-North on Highway 2

-East to Brock Road(1 1/2 mi)

-North to Claremont--from here
2 2 mi. E. --2.0 mi. N.)

Meet at Innis at 10:30 AM--leave at
11:00 AM. Return at 4:30 PM

Refreshments will be provided. Please bring guitars, voices, radios, and anything that makes noise. Bring 50 cents to pay for the gas. Anyone who will be able to drive a car, please contact for more information

Christine Milani--BA 1-3550

Bill Anderson-----928-2469 Rm. 261

A list will be put up in the Common Room for all interested to sign.

JUDGMENT: The Estate vs. Baron
Barry Cuda

Peter Moore

With Feudalism at its height, justice, which is indicative of that dispensed last Tues., is at its lowest ebb. Baron Cuda, charged with 50,000 counts of illegal serfing--damn--surfing was

absolved in a court which was surely the most dependable on the fief until that time.

The prosecution was presented to the court by the famous Clarence Marrow and his son, Bone--changing their names at the last minute to O'Brien in order that Clarence could write phony cheques. The brief of the defence was presented by Perry Mason and his kid, Stone. The defendant was related to the Judge as it was discovered that the Baron's mother was the judge's sister grandmother's aunt who had been carried off by She-Bears at the age of 2½ while hanging 10 on the strip(where the road is wide).

It transposed that the brief presented could not have been the Baron's and was, in fact, the Baillick's-found behind Whitney Hall. Further irrelevance was brought before the court in the form of a rod which Mr. Marrow (really O'Brien but looking marrowish) claimed to have been used by the Baron to beat serfs. The Baron foamed at the mouth. The defence countercepted by asserting that the rod was indeed a hot rod in the light of the evidence of Bill Barclay--still with the pickle in his navel--and was discovered to be a cue, but Mr. O'Marrow missed his and could not think of anything funny.

Character witness for the defence, Irv. Schwartz, Butcher store proprietor and part-time Trinity Divinity student, seemed to know the defendant quite well.--"Both from the back and from the front." The Baron in lieu of Irv's evidence, made no bones about what he fed his serfs and on the surface appeared calm until the prosecution called a real live serf to the stand. This serf-name of Broadhurst had been grievously injured by a surfer who had

mistaken her back for a board. The defence asserted that the Baron had a Hurst of a different colour.

Since it was apparent that the Baron could not be evicted on such slim evidence, the defense produced a scapegoat-Irv. The jury concluded with little deliberation that the baron was innocent of the charge and, a freed man, he rode into the sunset on his Honda with Mrs. O'Brien over his shoulder.

Remember that it's better to ride than eat leanut butter.

POLITICAL SECTION

A View from the Right: SNCC and the Reds, or "There are as many Communists in the Civil Rights Movement as there are Eskimos in Florida."

Hart Broudy

It has been apparent for quite some time that civil rights movements are susceptible to penetration by numerous ideological perverts of the far left-if only because they dote on the usage of such emotionally charged terms as "civil rights" and "equality", while desiring to subject the members of the polity to the worst possible form of equality, that of communist slavery.

Numbers of these members are leaders of the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee. And although these people were reared in a free American Society, and taught to revere the due process of law-their ultimate loyalty rests with Marxism. These people are utilizing the American Negro's struggles as a matter of expediency-for the purpose of establishing a Marxist America.

The spread of Communist influence throughout SNCC can readily be appreciated by the following facts(paraphrased from the Toronto Daily Star, 9/4/65:)

1. Arthur Kinoy and Morton Stavis are SNCC lawyers who are also active members of the Communist-front National

Lawyer's Guild. Both men have participated in the defense of various Communist organizations, notable the United Electrical Workers which was expelled from the C.I.D. in 1950 due to its Communist affiliations.

2. Ella J. Baker, a prominent SNCC adviser, has discussed the feasibility of an alliance of labour with civil rights at a V.E.W. convention.

3. A major SNCC rep., Reginald Robinson, was present at the proceedings of the Moscow World Youth Forum in Sept., 1964.

4. The Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), a Communist sponsored and supported organization, has given financial aid to SNCC.

5. SNCC officials have consistently endorsed the National Guardian-a pro-Chinese Communist publication.

6. John Lewis, SNCC's national chairman, has stated that he OPENLY WELCOMES COMMUNISTS INTO THE MOVEMENT.

7. James Forman, a SNCC strongman, a known radical of the far left, has forsaken his American upbringing and has "drifted further away from the mainstream of American society."

It is extremely doubtful that SNCC can become an exponent of the Republican system-even if it expels its Communist members, the Communist influence has penetrated too deeply. It appears that the SNCCite leftist will continue to perform at childish sit-ins and marches. It also appears that the Marxian liberal will continue to chip away at the very foundations of American society (which, to their chagrin) has managed to remain intact, not to mention prosper, for over one hundred and eighty-five years.

SITUATION HOPELESS; A POLITICAL COMMENTARY
Paul Cul'iford

Currently playing at the Yorkdale Theatre is a movie called "Situation Hopeless, but not Serious" starring Alec Guinness. And that was the situation at the mammoth Liberal rally Wednesday, October 27, 1965.

The place resembled the Cow Palace rather than a Toronto shopping centre. Floats, brass bands and short-skirted girls were prominent. Placards and balloons bobbed above the crowd estimated at more than 10,000 persons--- enough to cause utter chaos. But to make matters worse the microphone system broke down. As an extra added attraction, Mr. Pearson threw both security officials and party organizers into panic when he mingled cheerfully with the crowd to shake hands. A jovial and high-spirited Mr. Pearson was the only speaker on the programme. Mr. Pearson picked up a hand microphone and tried several times, with partial success, to address the rally from an overlooking balcony. He stressed Canadian unity and national pride, called for peace in the world and noted Canada's prosperity, expounding his belief that the poor of our nation should also share in it. As well, he expressed his hopes for a majority government--as he put it, " a Great Victory on November 8."

I did not see any pickets, but there were a few signs advertising Universal Accessibility and even fewer demanding an end to the War in Viet Nam.

With the enthusiastic demonstration countering a general mood of apathy towards the election, is the situation hopeless?

THE WAY OUT
Les Rose

Let's start using celery stalks instead of rifles in Viet Nam.

"Why?" you ask.
So people won't get hurt, of course. Besides, celery is cheaper to produce than rifles.

If the climate is right, we can start growing celery in Viet Nam.. This would be a great boost to the national economy, because less food would have to be imported and the excess could be sold to those who sympathize with the Vietnamese war.

Celery would bring a general improvement to the health of the Vietnamese people. Everyone knows that celery has many vitamins that rice doesn't have. With improved health, maybe the tempers of these people would also improve.

But celery is also useful in the field. Who would object to American intervention by means of celery to bring the people of the North and the South closer together? After all, who ever heard of fighting with celery at more than a few paces.

Perhaps a Geneva conference would draw up rules for this type of warfare--"no polling below the belt, and no rotten tomatoes in the other hand."

The army would never have to worry about starving somewhere off in the jungle. If worse came to worse, they could always eat their rifles (I mean celery).

Let us not forget that a celery war would be a noiseless war. Fighting could continue throughout the night without disturbing innocent women and children. Not only that, they would probably find that participants in a celery war had 87% fewer injuries.

Hold it! It just occurred to me that if they are fighting a "guerilla" war in Viet Nam, it might be better to use bananas.

WANTED

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ADVENTURES ON A BED
Ken Stone

Her intense, deep-blue eyes narrowed as she gazed into mine. She raised her head and opened wide her voluptuous mouth as she asked, "Is this your first time?"

"Calmly; I replied, "No."
"In that case," she continued,
"get in that line."

There I was, about to give blood in Sigmund Samuel.

A nurse confronted me. She was forcing doughnuts and apple juice on all. She reminded me of my mother.

I nibbled my doughnuts and sipped the apple juice, silently waiting to have my finger cut and my blood tested, providing an example of quiet Stoicism to Fran Linton who respectfully stood behind me.

My turn came. While she sterilized my finger and made an incision upon it, the nurse inquired, "have you ever had

jaundice?
malaria?
beri-beri?
rabies?
halitosis?
horseradish?"

Not an emotion crossed my face nor a tremor, my voice, as I suffered the pain and replied, "No."

The nurse looked up at me and pronounced slowly, "You will do."

As I strode into the clinic I could see the nurse still looking at me, and Fran Linton, too awed even to speak.

In the clinic, chairs had been provided for those waiting. I had hardly been seated when the first nurse reappeared with more apple juice and doughnuts.

"Here. Take. Eat more, already," she insisted.

Now I knew why she reminded me of my mother. She was my mother.

So I ate. When it came my turn to go, being a gentleman, I let Fran Linton go first. She was flattered, naturally. Finally, I was called. I strode behind the white curtains, but showed no emotion, of course.

"Get on that bed there," commanded a rather large nurse.

"Early to bed and early to rise,

I always say," I suggested trying to make conversation.

"Ha, ha," responded the rather large nurse, pressing me down on the bed with one hand.

"Ha, ha," said I.

"You can't get blood from a Stone," I interjected handing her my donor's card.

"Ha, ha," she said, jabbing the needle into the crotch of my elbow.

"Ha, ha," I gasped.

Before I knew it, I was giving blood. Not knowing that the beds were arranged touching side to side, I tried to make myself comfortable by changing the position of my unwounded arm. I shifted my body and trying to raise the arm, found some resistance. Looking to that side, I realized that the interference was, in fact, the young lady next to me.

"Cut that out," she warned, "or I'll pinch your tube!"

"My word!" I exclaimed and moved away from her.

Just then the rather large nurse took a look at my bottle and gasped out loud.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Oh, just some technical difficulties, ha, ha," she answered.

"Oh, is that all? Ha, ha," said I.

"Oh, yes, ha, ha," she echoed, calling a second nurse.

The second nurse gasped upon seeing my bottle.

"Just some technical difficulties," explained the rather large nurse.

"Oh, yes, ha, ha," replied the second nurse going to call the supervisor.

"Ha, ha," said I.

The supervisor arrived and having hardly observed the scene, she cried, "Oh, some technical difficulties, eh?"

"Oh, yes, ha, ha," responded the second nurse.

"Yes, ha, ha," agreed the rather large nurse going into a huddle with the other two.

I had just opened my mouth to add my "Ha, ha," as well, when I found

a large doughnut, wet from apple juice, in it.

"Don't talk with a full mouth. Eat already," came a voice from behind me.

So I began to eat.

At that moment, Fran Linton, having finished donating, strolled by.

"Easy come, easy go," she remarked.

"Ha, ha," I choked over pieces of wet doughnut.

"Ha, ha," said she.

"Well, I hope everything comes out alright," she commented moving off.

"Ha, ha," I said.

"Ha, ha," she echoed.

The huddle of nurses decided that I had had enough. I was disconnected from the bottle, and escorted to the table where the first nurse fed me apple juice and doughnuts. Then, each nurse in the clinic shook my hand and wished me good luck.

I thanked them, got up and faced the door, stiffened my upper lip, put my chin up, my chest out, and my stomach in, burped, and headed back to Innis.

ATTENTION!!!!!!

An able-bodied, strong, hard-working, permanent Managing Editor and many, many, many typists are needed. If these positions will not be filled in the near future, the INNIS HERALD will not be able to continue publication.

Comments and Letters to the Editor are encouraged. All will be dealt with accordingly. Please submit articles and comments to the Innis Herald office. A box will be situated there for your convenience.